THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

LUSIAD,

PUBLISHED AS

A SPECIMEN of a TRANSLATION

OF THAT CELEBRATED

EPIC POEM.

By WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,

AUTHOR OF THE CONCUBINE, &c.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres——— HOR.

OXFORD:

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THE Reputation of the Luſiad of Camoens has been long eſtabliſhed: every gentleman of taſte has heard of it; but the knowlege of it is chiefly by name. As the language in which it is written promiſes little more to reward the labour of acquiring it, few have been encouraged to learn the Portugueſe for the pleaſure of reading the Luſiad in the Original. Camoens, however, deſerves a better fate: His Poetry is every where ardent and vigorous, and abounds with maſterly deſcription; of which his ſubject afforded him many happy and ſingular opportunities. Taſſo revered him as a Writer of Genius, and acknowledged him as a rival. When the Italian Poet's great work, the Gieruſalemme Liberata was in writing, Camoens, ſaid he, is the only man of whom I am afraid: And it is evident, by his Jeruſalem, that he profited from the Poem of Camoens.

The ſubject of the Luſiad, the diſcovery of the Eaſt Indies, by the Portugueſe under the conduct of Vaſco de Gama, is one of the moſt important events recorded in hiſtory. Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, "whoſe ſtrong genius to the "diſcovery of new countries, was the chief ſource "of all the modern improvements in navigation," was the propoſer and patron of the arduous undertaking, but he did not live to ſee the happy completion of it; a completion, which for a time, gave the Empire of the Seas, and raiſed Portugal, the ſmalleſt kingdom in Europe, to the higheſt degree of importance in the commercial and political world. Some lines on this ſubject, from the Author of the Seaſons, may ſerve to illuſtrate the above. After deſcribing the tempeſts frequent in the torrid Zone, he adds,

With ſuch mad ſeas the daring Gama fought
For many a day, and many a dreadful night;
Inceſſant lab'ring round the *ſtormy Cape*‖,
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold: For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: The Genius, then,
Of Navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The Luſitanian Prince *, who, heaven inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mixt the world.

Though the age of Cromwell was moſt unpropitious to polite literature, an Engliſh verſion of the Luſiad was then publiſhed by Sir Richard Fanſhaw, which has met with the uſual fate of too literal tranſlations. Fanſhaw's work is now unread: And, as it is not to be found in the bookſellers' Shops, ſome ſpecimens of it ſhall gratify the curioſity of the reader.

In the preſent age, when our language is enriched with elegant tranſlations of almoſt every other celebrated writer, the Luſiad of Camoens, though the only Epic Poem of the continent which deſerves to be mentioned with the Jeruſalem of Taſſo, has been hitherto neglected. To introduce it to the Engliſh reader, will not, it is preſumed, be unacceptable: The following Propoſals are therefore ſubmitted to the patronage of the Public:

‖ The Cape of Good Hope; firſt called by the Portugueſe, The Cape of Tempeſts.

* Don Henry.

I. The

I. The work to be elegantly printed in Quarto, on a fine Paper, with Hiſtorical Notes, *&c.*

II. The Life of Camoens: *Which contains more circumſtances and diverſities of fortune, than the life, perhaps, of any other literary Hero. Driven from his native country by an amour, we ſhall find him crowned with martial Laurels in Africa, where in battle he loſt an Eye. After this we ſhall find him experiencing a variety of fortunes in the Eaſt; at one time honoured with the friendſhip of the Viceroys, at another impriſoned: In one hour the Proprietor of a valuable cargo, with which he intended to return to Europe: In another hour ſhipwrecked; the MSS. of his Luſiad, the only article he ſaved, which, as Cæſar preſerved his Commentaries, he held in one hand, while with the other he ſwam aſhore on the coaſt of China: Afterwards, honoured and careſſed at the Court of Portugal: And laſtly, old and infirm, ſuffering the deepeſt miſeries of Poverty, and dying in an Hoſpital. In every condition ſupporting the amiable character of the ſincere good man; his only failing, that imprudence and careleſſneſs in ſecuring the ſmiles of fortune, which is almoſt inſeparable from a fine Genius and that turn of mind which finds its greateſt pleaſures in the fields of imagination and in literary purſuits.*

III. The lives of Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, and of Vaſco de Gama, the Hero of the Poem, will alſo be added.

IV. The Price Twelve Shillings; one Half to be paid at ſubſcribing, and the other on the Delivery of the Book, which will be in the year 1772.

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☞ As it is impoſſible for the *Tranſlator* to know what number of Subſcriptions he may be favoured with, it would therefore have been attended with conſiderable riſk to have printed the following Canto in Quarto, as a part of the Volume to be delivered to the Subſcribers. The *Tranſlator*'s deſign in this publication, is to give it as a farther Specimen*, by which the Man of Taſte will be enabled to form a Judgment, both of the Original and of the Tranſlation, ere he ſubſcribes to the encouragement of the undertaking: It is therefore offered to ſale at ſuch a price, as will defray the Expences of printing and publiſhing it.

* For the one already given, See the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1771.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN it is propoſed to give a Tranſlation of a foreign Poem, the Tranſlator ought, with propriety, to inform the public of what objections have been made to it, and what character has been given of it by the moſt eminent Critics: And not only the vindication of his author when attacked by unjuſt criticiſm, but even a palliation of his blemiſhes, as far as he can ſecure reaſon and good taſte on his ſide, is in ſome meaſure his duty, and undoubtedly his intereſt, if he means to pleaſe, or to regard the expectation of his reader.

Of all the critics on the Luſiad, M. de Voltaire is the moſt formidable, and may be ſaid to compriſe the Objections of the reſt. His remarks on Camoens, make a part of his "Eſſay upon the "Epic Poetry of the European Nations." To inſert the whole article will be neceſſary: The words of Voltaire diſtinguiſhed by the Italic character. As the Eſſay was written in Engliſh by Voltaire, while he was printing his Henriade in London, juſtice requires it ſhould be mentioned, that he apologiſes for his diction, and "hopes the "Reader will pardon the failings of one who has "learn'd Engliſh but one year.

While Triſſino, ſays Voltaire, *was clearing away the Rubbiſh in Italy, which Barbarity and Ignorance had heap'd up for ten Centuries, in the Way of the Arts and Sciences, Camouens in Portugal ſteer'd a new Courſe, and acquir'd a Reputation which laſts ſtill among his Countrymen, who pay as much Reſpect to his Memory, as the Engliſh to Milton.*

He was a ſtrong Inſtance of the irreſiſtible Impulſe of Nature, which determines a true Genius to follow the

bent of his Talents in ſpight of all the Obſtacles which could check his Courſe.

His Infancy loſt amidſt the Idleneſs and Ignorance of the Court of Liſbon; his Youth ſpent in romantic Loves, or in the War againſt the Moors; his long Voyages at Sea in his riper Years; his Misfortunes at Court, the Revolutions of his Country, none of all theſe could ſuppreſs his Genius.

Emanuel, the ſecond King of Portugal, having a Mind to find a new Way to the Eaſt Indies by the Ocean, ſent Velaſco de Gama with a Fleet in the Year 1497, *to that Undertaking, which being new, was accounted raſh and impracticable, and which of courſe gained him a great Reputation when it ſucceeded.*

Two inſtances of Voltaire's ſuperficial knowledge of his ſubject have already occured; he has miſpelled the name of the Poet, and given a wrong name to the Hero.

Camouens followed Velaſco de Gama in that dangerous Voyage, led by his Friendſhip to him, and by a noble Curioſity, which ſeldom fails to be the Character of Men born with a great Imagination.

He took his Voyage for the Subject of his Poem; he enjoy'd the ſenſible Pleaſure, which Nobody had known before him, to celebrate his Friend and the Things he was an Eye Witneſs of. This is all a dream. Gama ſailed in ſearch of the Indies in 1497, and returned from his diſcoveries in 1499*. Camoens was born in 1517‖. Gama died in 1524, when our Poet was but ſeven years of age. It would ſeem, that on finding Camoens had made a voyage to the Eaſt Indies §, the lively imagination of Voltaire had been ſtruck with the fine idea of an Epic Poet being a party in the expedition which he celebrated, and, having but a partial memory, in a little while, miſtook his ſtrong impreſſion for the

* Vide Caſtanneda, De Barros, or De Faria.

‖ Vide Garcez Ferreyra. § Which was in 1550.

remembrance

remembrance of a fact. There is no other way of accounting for ſo fanciful a blunder, and one muſt be confirmed in this opinion of the cauſe of it, when it is conſidered that M. de Voltaire, in his critical, hiſtorical, and philoſophical Works, has diſcovered a thouſand ſymptoms of this ſpecies of mental diſeaſe.

He (Camoens) *wrote his Poem, part on the Atlantic Sea, and part on the Indian Shore*; (this is true.) *I ought not to omit, that in a Shipwrack on the Coaſts of Malabar*, (another ſmall blunder: it was at the mouth of the river Mehon in China) *he ſwam aſhore, holding-up his Poem in one Hand, which otherwiſe had been perhaps loſt for ever.*

This brings to one's mind a *ſceptical* remark of Voltaire on Plutarch's account of Cæſar's ſaving his commentaries. Do not believe a word of this ſtory, ſays he, which Plutarch tells you; For, be aſſured that when a man leaps into the ſea with papers in his hand, he muſt neceſſarily wet them.

Such a new Subject, manag'd by an uncommon Genius, could not but produce a Sort of Epic Poetry unheard of before. There no bloody Wars are fought, no Heroes wounded in a thouſand different Ways; no Woman entic'd away, and the World overturn'd for her Cauſe; no Empire founded; (what, indeed! is not the founding of the Portugueſe Empire in the Eaſt the profeſſed ſubject of the Poem?) *in ſhort, nothing of what was deem'd before the only Subject of Poetry.* It is amazing what Voltaire could have been thinking when he wrote this. The narrative of a voyage conſtitutes the Odyſſey, the half of the Eneid, and is the body of the Luſiad.

The Poet conducts the Portugueſe Fleet to the Mouth of the Ganges round the Coaſts of Africk. He takes Notice of many Nations who live upon the African Shore. He interweaves, artfully, the Hiſtory of Portugal. The Simplicity of his Subject is raiſed by ſome Fictions of different Kinds, which I think not improper to acquaint the Reader with.

When the Fleet is ſailing in the Sight of the Cape of Good Hope, call'd then the Cape of Storms, a formidable Shape appears to them, walking in the Depth of the Sea; his Head reaches to the Clouds; the Storms, the Winds, the Thunders, and the Lightnings hang about him; his Arms are extended over the Waves. (Storms, Winds, Thunders and Lightnings, hanging about a perſon! How would this Imagerie look upon canvas? There is not one word of this bombaſt in the Original*.) *'Tis the Guardian of that foreign Ocean unplow'd before by any Ship. He complains of his being oblig'd to ſubmit to fate, and to the audacious Undertaking of the Portugueſe; and foretells them all the Misfortunes which they muſt undergo in the Indies. I believe that ſuch a Fiction would be thought noble and proper in all Ages and in all Nations.*

There is another, which perhaps would have pleaſed the Italians as well as the Portugueſe; but no other Nation beſides: It is an inchanted Iſland, called the Iſland of Bliſs, which the Fleet finds in her Way home, juſt riſing from the Sea, for their Comfort and Reward. Camouens deſcribes that Place, as Taſſo did ſome Years after, his Iſland of Armida. There a ſupernatural

* Thus Camoens:

——————— *huma figura*
Se nos moſtra no ar robuſta e valida,
De diſforme, e grandiſſima eſtatura,
O roſto carregado, &c.

Thus tranſlated in the Specimen already given to the public.

I ſpoke—when riſing thro' the darken'd air,
Appall'd we ſaw an hideous phantom glare.
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with ſullen aſpect lowr'd,
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mean combin'd;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings ſcar'd,
The inward anguiſh of his ſoul declar'd;
His eye-balls glowing from their duſky caves
Shot livid fires: Far ecchoing o'er the waves
His voice reſounded———

Power

Power brings in all the Beauties, and preſents all the Pleaſures which Nature can afford, and which the Heart may wiſh for; a Goddeſs enamour'd with Velaſco de Gama, carries him to the Top of an high Mountain, from whence ſhe ſhews him all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and foretells the Fate of Portugal.

After Camouens hath given looſe to his Fancy, in the laſcivious Deſcription of the Pleaſures which Gama and his Crew enjoy'd in the Iſland, he takes care to inform the Reader, that he ought to underſtand by this Fiction, nothing but the Satisfaction which the virtuous Man feels, and the Glory which accrues to him by the Practice of Virtue: But the beſt excuſe for ſuch an invention is, the charming Stile in which it is delivered; if we believe the Portugueſe, (here is a confeſſion, of what indeed appeared before, that Voltaire was unacquainted with the Original) *for the Beauty of the Elocution makes ſometimes amends for the Faults of the Poets; as the colouring of Rubens makes ſome Defects in his Figures paſs unregarded.*

Such falſe taſte as is here diſcovered, is only to be matched by the ſame Author's criticiſms on Shakeſpeare. The Iſland of Armida in Taſſo, and the Bower of Acraſia in Spenſer, where poetry riots in all the luxury of fancy, are both copies of the Iſland of Bliſs of Camoens. It were impertinent to add more in its praiſe. However, one cannot diſmiſs this topic without obſerving, that there can be no reaſon why the Hero of an Epic Poem may not be ſhewn a Paradiſe as well as the Infernal Abodes. Voltaire, in imitation of Homer and Virgil, has conducted his Hero to a Hell, which he has placed in the air, encloſed in a

Globe élevé dans le faite des cieux.

An iſland of Bliſs, emblematical of the rewards of heroic virtue, riſing in the ſea before the fleet of Gama, is certainly a much finer fiction, and highly proper in an Epic Poem. The invention

invention of it does honour to the genius of Camoens.

There is another kind of Machinery continued throughout all the Poem (ſays Voltaire) *which nothing can excuſe, in any Country whatever; 'tis an unjudicious Mixture of the heathen Gods with our Religion. Gama in a Storm addreſſes his Prayers to Chriſt, but 'tis Venus who comes to his Relief; the Heroes are Chriſtians and the Poet Heathen. The main Deſign which the Portugueſe are ſuppoſ'd to have (next to promoting of their Trade,) is to propagate Chriſtianity, yet Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, have in their Hands all the Management of the Voyage. So incongruous a Machinery caſts a Blemiſh upon the whole Poem, yet ſhews at the ſame Time how prevailing are its Beauties, ſince the Portugueſe like it with all its Faults.*

Here, at laſt, Voltaire has made an objection of conſiderable weight, but which was made before by the Spaniſh and Italian Critics. Theſe lines of Boileau, talking of Chriſtianity,

Et de vos fictions le mélange coupable,
Meme à ſes veritez donne l'air de la fable,

are applicable, at the firſt view, to the machinery of Camoens, but perhaps on a nearer inſpection the objection will diminiſh. The Pagan Gods, it has been ſaid, will always be the Gods of Poetry. A thouſand inſtances might be given where the greateſt modern poets have treſpaſſed againſt the above lines of Boileau. Milton, and even Young, in his Philoſophical Chriſtian Poem, the Night Thoughts, have done it frequently. Camoens wrote at the revival of Learning, ere Criticiſm had given her beſt rules to the modern Muſe: Beſides, the difficulty of finding a proper machinery for an Epic Poem may be urged in his excuſe. Boileau is diſpleaſed with the Angels, Devils, and Enchanters of Taſſo. Voltaire ſays that Milton's Death and Sin "*would not ſucceed among the French.*"

His

His own machinery in his Henriade is as follows: Firſt, La Diſcorde flies to the Pope and the Cardinals, there ſhe meets La Politique and La Religion, then comes a piece of Witchcraft, and Victory riding in a chariot,

Au milieu de ces feux, Henry brillant de gloire,
Apparoit à leurs yeux ſur un char de Victoire.

Then the Hero goes to Hell. La Diſcorde goes

Où finit l' Europe et commence l'Aſie,

On a viſit to Love, who, by the by, is her brother,

Mon frere, lui dit elle;

Love then takes a journey to France. Then Truth deſcends *du haut des cieux*, from the height of heaven, and makes the Hero turn Papiſt. Then *St. Louis* deſcends *du haut des cieux*, and conducts him to the walls of Paris,

Les ramparts ebranlez ſ'entr'ouvrent á ſa voix,
Il entre au nom du Dieu qui fait regner les Rois,

And ſo the Machinery and the Poem conclude.

Though the Machinery of the Luſiad, viewed in its worſt light, will loſe nothing by a compariſon with that of the Henriade, and though he does not ſtand alone in the *mélange coupable*, it remains that the intention of Camoens ſhould be explained, which will lead to his beſt defence.

Both in the Poem itſelf, and in one of his letters, he informs us that his machinery is allegorical. It is well known that the heathen Poets viewed their mythology in that light, and in that light Camoens has uſed it. The ſubject of the Luſiad is the raiſing of an Empire, and the planting of Chriſtianity in the Eaſt. Under Mars is ſhadowed the author and defender of Chriſtianity; under Venus, benevolence or divine love, anxious for the propagation of the Goſpel; and by Bacchus is ſignified the genius of Mohammediſm, jealous of, and enraged

raged at the riſing of the Chriſtian Empire, by every diabolical art endeavouring at the deſtruction of it. Candour muſt own that this allegory is both ſublime and intereſting; and in this juſt view of it, infinitely ſuperior to that of the Henriade. Nor will the name of Venus prejudice the candid reader againſt it when he conſiders that it is not the terreſtrial but the celeſtial Venus which is meant, who according to Plato was the daughter of Ouranus or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The paſſage ſtands in the Sympoſion of that author as follows: Παντες γαρ ισμεν οτι ουκ εστιν ανευ Ερωτος Αφροδιτη· ταυτης δε μιας μεν ουσης, εις αν ην Ερως· επει δε δυο εστον, δυο αναγκη και Ερωτε ειναι. πως δ' ου δυο τα θεα; η μεν γε που, πρεσβυτερα, και ἀμητωρ, Ουρανου θυγατηρ, ην δη και ουρανιαν επονομαζομεν· η δε νεωτερα, Διος και Διωνης, ην δη πανδημον καλουμεν.

This Urania-Venus, according to Pauſanias and other writers, had ſumptuous temples in Athens, Phænicia, &c. She was painted in complete armour; her prieſteſſes were virgins; and no man was allowed to approach her ſhrine. Xenophon ſays, ſhe preſided over the love of wiſdom and virtue, which are the pleaſures of the ſoul, as the terreſtrial Venus preſided over the pleaſures of the body.

Camoens, continues Voltaire, *hath a great deal of true Wit, and not a little Share of falſe; his Imagination hurries him into great Abſurdities. I remember that after Velaſco de Gama hath related his Adventures to the King of Melinda, now ſays he, O King, judge if Ulyſſes and Æneas have travell'd ſo far, and undergone ſo many Hardſhips: as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.*

When Voltaire accuſed Camoens of allowing his imagination to hurry him into great abſurdities, he was committing the fault he condemned. Father Carrara, the Jeſuit, in his Columbus makes an American ſay,

——— meminere Senes huc ex oriente
Neſcio quem veniſſe virum, cui nomen Ulyſſes,

Ille

Ille Deam Cybelem terræ ſub imagine nobis
Attulit, ille aram poſuit, quamque aſpicis, urbem.

Camoens indeed uſes no ſuch circumſtance to qualify the ſpeech of Gama; nor was it neceſſary. The king of Melinda was not a barbarous African, but a Mohammedan Arabian; which people are the moſt learned of the Eaſtern nations. They have not only innumerable volumes of their own, but their language is alſo enriched with tranſlations of ſeveral Greek writers. The fate of Euclid is well known. And to mention only two of their authors, Ben-Shohna, who died in 1478, a little before the arrival of Gama, wrote an univerſal hiſtory, which he calls Rawdhat almenadhir ſi îlm alawail walawachir; that is, The meadow of the Eye of ancient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote an hiſtory in Arabic, in ten chapters, the firſt of which treats of the Patriarchs from Adam to Moſes; the ſecond of the judges and kings of Iſrael; the third of the Jewiſh kings; the fourth of the kings of Chaldea; the fifth of the kings of the Magi; the ſixth of the ancient Pagan Greeks; the ſeventh of the Romans; the eighth of the Conſtantinopolitan Emperors; the ninth of the Arabian Mohammedan kings; and the tenth of the Moguls. The ſame author acquaints us that Homer's two works are elegantly tranſlated into the Syriac; which language is ſiſter to that ſpoken by the Arabs of Melinda. Camoens, who was in the country, knew the learning of the Arabians. Voltaire, led by the deſire to condemn, was hurried into abſurdities, from which a moment's conſideration would have ſaved him.

His Poem (ſays Voltaire) *in my Opinion, is full of numberleſs Faults and Beauties, thick ſown near one another; and almoſt in every Page there is ſomething to laugh at, and ſomething to be delighted with. Among his*

his moſt lucky Thoughts, I muſt take Notice of two for the Likeneſs which they bear to two moſt celebrated Paſſages of Waller, and Sir John Denham.

Waller ſays in his Epiſtle to Zelinda,

Thy matchleſs Form will Credit bring,
To all the Wonders I can ſing.

Camouens ſays, in ſpeaking of the Voyages of the Argonautes, and of Ulyſſes, that the Undertaking of the Portugueſe ſhall give Credit to all thoſe Fables in ſurpaſſing them.

Sir John Denham, in his Poem on Cooper's hill, ſays to the Thames;

O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example as it is my Theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without Rage, without o'erflowing full.

Camouens addreſſes the Nymphs of Tagus in the like Manner; "*O Nymphs, if ever I ſung of you, inſpire me now with new and ſtrong Lays; let my Style flow like your waves; let it be deep and clear as your waters, &c.*"

The reader muſt be greatly ſurprized, when he is aſſured that there is no ſuch paſſage, as this laſt, in the Luſiad. Camoens, it is true, addreſſes the nymphs of Tagus, "If ever I have celebrated your delightful river in humble verſe, give me now a ſound high and ſublime, a ſtile, grand-ſpeaking and flowing." He then adds a conceit about Hippocrene, and aſks that his verſe may have a grand fury, not like that of the ruſtic reed or ſhepherd's pipe, but like that of the ſhrill warlike trumpet. But he has not one word which wiſhes that his numbers may be deep and clear as the flow of the Tagus. To be ſuch, and, at the ſame time, like the thundering ſound of the warlike trumpet, is an abſurdity, which is only to be found in Fanſhaw's tranſlation.

The

The paſſage ſtands thus in Sir Richard :

And you, my Tagus nymphs, ſince ye did raiſe
My wit t' a more than ordinary flame ;
If I in low, yet tuneful verſe, the praiſe
Of your ſweet river always did proclaim,
Inſpire me now with high and thundering lays ;
Give me them clear and flowing like his ſtream,
That to your waters Phœbus may ordain
They do not envy thoſe of Hyppocrene.

Give me a mighty fury, nor rude reeds
Or ruſtic bagpipes ſound ; but ſuch as war's
Loud inſtrument, the noble trumpet breeds,
Which fires the breaſt, and ſtirs the blood to jars.

Thus we are furniſhed with a convincing proof of Voltaire's ignorance of the Original, and a full detection of whence he borrowed his knowledge of the Luſiad. But if his incautiouſneſs, not to ſay his arrogance, in judging, is thus expoſed, his taſte is in ſome meaſure vindicated. His aſſertion, that in every page, there is ſomething to laugh at, may be excuſed, when we conſider that he only read Fanſhaw; in whom, it is true, there are many quaint and affected conceits, but which, it muſt alſo be obſerved, are uncountenanced by the Original.

The following juſt obſervation concludes his remarks upon Camoens.

It is not to be inferred from thence, that Waller and Sir John Denham have imitated Camouens; we muſt only conclude, that Wit is the Growth of every Country.

It is very unjuſt and very common, to call Plagiariſm what is but Reſemblance.

To ſome, perhaps, the above objections may now appear ſo ſuperficial and ill-grounded, that it was needleſs to beſtow any pains on their refutation. Had they been the cavils and objections of an inferior pen, the remark were juſt; they would have been ſoon forgotten; and to trouble the public with them, would have been impertinent. But whatever has the ſanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire, will be remembered; and, unleſs clearly refuted, will be appealed to, as deciſive, in controverſies of literary taſte. Nor will the reader, it is hoped, be diſpleaſed with the opportunity of peruſing the above ſpecimen of Voltaire's Engliſh, particularly as it is extracted from a pamphlet which is become very ſcarce.

To the above ſtrictures on, and commendations of the Genius of Camoens, it may not be improper to add the ſuffrage of Taſſo, who addreſſes the following Sonnet to the Hero of the Luſiad.

Vaſco, le cui felici, ardite antenne
In contro al ſol, che ne riporta il giorno
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne:

Non piú di te per aſpro mar ſoſtenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e ſcorno:
Ne chi turbó l'Arpie nel ſuo ſoggiorno,
Ne dié più bel ſoggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant' oltre ſtende il glorioſo volo

Che

Che i tuoi ſpalmati legni andar men lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il noſtro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i ſuoi veſtigi,
Per lui del corſo tuo la fama aggiunge.

SONNET.

Vaſco, whoſe bold and happy bowſprit bore
Againſt the riſing morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whoſe ſails came weſtward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native ſhore.

Ne'er did the Greek ſuch length of ſeas explore:
The Greek, who ſorrow to the Cyclop wrought,
And he, who, Victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never ſuch pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerleſs in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'ſt thy nobleſt fame;
Farther than thou didſt ſail, his deathleſs ſong
Shall bear the dazzling ſplendor of thy name;
And under many a ſky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together march along.

THE LUSIAD.*

BOOK I.

ARMS and the Heroes, who from Liſbon's ſhore,
Thro' Seas § where ſail was never ſpread before,

* *The Luſiad*; in the original, Os Luſiadas, The Luſiads, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from Luſus or Lyſas, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who ſettled a colony in Luſitania. See Plin. l. 3. c. 1.

§ *Thro' Seas where ſail was never ſpread before.* M. Duperron de Caſtera, who has given a French proſe tranſlation, or rather paraphraſe of the Luſiad, has a long note on this paſſage, which he tells us, muſt not be underſtood literally. Our author, he ſays, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian ſeas had been navigated before the times of the Portugueſe. The Phœnicians whoſe fleets paſſed the ſtraits of Gibraltar, made frequent voyages in theſe ſeas, though they carefully concealed the courſe of their navigation that other nations might not become partakers of their lucrative traffic. It is certain that Solomon and Hiram king of Tyre ſent ſhips to the Indies by the Red Sea. It is alſo certain that Hanno a Carthaginian captain made a voyage round the whole coaſt of Africa as is evident from the hiſtory of the expedition, written by himſelf in the Punic language; a Greek tranſlation of which is now extant. Beſides, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Ptolomy and Strabo aſſure us, that Mozambic and the adjacent iſlands and ſome parts of India were known to the Romans, and theſe words of Macrobius, *Sed nec monſtruoſis carnibus abſtinetis, inſerentes poculis teſticulos Caſtorum et venenata corpora Viperarum; quibus admiſcetis quidquid India nutrit*, ſufficiently prove that they carried on a conſiderable traffic with the Eaſt. From all which, ſays M. Caſtera, we may conclude that the Portugueſe were rather the Reſtorers than the Diſcoverers of the navigation to the Indies.

In this firſt book, and throughout the whole Poem, Camoens frequently deſcribes his Heroes as paſſing through ſeas which had never before been navigated; and

Beyond where † Ceylon lifts her ſpicy breaſt,
And waving woods above the watery waſte,

Que ſo dos feyos focas ſe navega.
Where but Sea-monſters cut the waves before.

That this ſuppoſition afforded our author a number of poetical images, and adds a ſolemn grandeur to his ſubject, might perhaps with M. Caſtera be eſteemed a ſufficient apology for the poetical licence in ſuch a violation of hiſtorical truth. Yet whatever liberties an Epic or Tragic Poet may commendably take in embelliſhing the actions of his heroes, an aſſertion relating to the ſcene where his Poem opens, if falſe, muſt be equally ridiculous as to call Veſpaſian the firſt who had ever aſſumed the auguſt title of Ceſar. But it will be found that Camoens has not fallen into ſuch abſurdity. The Poem opens with a deſcription of the Luſitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Hope, driving about in the great Ethiopian Ocean, ſo far from land that it required the care of the Gods to conduct them to ſome hoſpitable ſhore. Therefore, though it is certain that the Phœnicians paſſed the *Ne plus ultra* of the ancients; though it is probable they traded on the coaſt of Cornwall, and the iſles of Scilly; though there is ſome reaſon to believe that the Madeiras and Carribbees were known to them; and though it has been *ſuppoſed* that ſome of their ſhips *might* have been driven by ſtorm to the Brazils or North-America; yet there is not the leaſt foundation in hiſtory to ſuppoſe that they traded to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. There is rather a ſtrong preſumption of the contrary; for it is certain they carried on their traffic with the Eaſt, by a much nearer and ſafer way, by the two ports of Elath and Eziongeber on the Red Sea. Neither is it known in what particular part, whether in the Perſian gulph, or in the Indian Ocean the Tarſhiſh and Ophir of the ancients are ſituated. Though it is certain that Hanno doubled the Cape of Good Hope, it is alſo equally certain that his voyage was merely a coaſting one, like that of Nearchus in Alexander's time, and that he never ventured into the great Ocean, or went ſo far as Gama. The citation from Macrobius proves nothing at all relative to the point in queſtion, for it is certain that the Romans received the Merchandiſe of India by the way of Syria and the Mediterranean, in the ſame manner as the Venetians imported the commodities of the Eaſt from Alexandria before the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe. It remains, therefore, that Gama, who ſailed by the Compaſs, after having gone further than his cotemporary Bartholomew Diaz, was literally the firſt who ever ſpread ſail in the great ſouthern Ocean, and that the Portugueſe were not the Reſtorers, but literally the Diſcoverers of the preſent rout of Navigation to the Eaſt Indies.

† *Beyond where Ceylon.*——One Captain Knox, who publiſhed an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious paſſage. "This for certain, ſays he, I can affirm, that oftentimes the Devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night: 'Tis very ſhrill, almoſt like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myſelf, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only

With proweſs more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the riſing day:
What wars they wag'd, what ſeas, what dangers paſt,
What glorious Empire crown'd their toils at laſt,
Vent'rous I ſing, on ſoaring pinions borne,
‖ And all my Country's wars the ſong adorn;
What Kings, what Heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Aſia's and on Afric's ſtrand:
Illuſtrious ſhades, who levell'd in the duſt
The idol-temples and the ſhrines of luſt;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd:
Illuſtrious names, with deathleſs laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What men he ſaw †, what toils at ſea he bore;
No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boaſt,
What ſtorms he brav'd, how driven on many a coaſt;

Only this obſervation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it alſo, that either juſt before, or very ſuddenly after this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the Devil theſe reaſons urge; becauſe there is no creature known to the inhabitants that crys like it, and becauſe it will on a ſudden depart from one place, and make a noiſe in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and becauſe the very dogs will tremble when they hear it; and 'tis ſo counted by all the people." ——Knox, hiſt. Ceyl. p. 78.

‖ *And all my Country's wars.*——He interweaves artfully the hiſtory of Portugal.——Voltaire.

† *Qui mores hominum multorum vidit*——Hor.

No

Nor more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eaſtern conqueſts Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler Hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the ſong of antient days,
Illuſtrious GAMA, whom the waves obey'd,
And whoſe dread ſword the fate of conqueſt ſway'd.

And you, fair Nymphs of Tagus, parent ſtream,
If e'er your meadows were my paſtoral theme,
While you have liſten'd, and by moonſhine ſeen
My footſteps wander o'er your banks of green,
O come auſpicious, and the ſong inſpire
With all the boldneſs of your Hero's fire:
Deep and majeſtic let the numbers flow,
And, rapt to heaven, with ardent fury glow,
Unlike that verſe which ſpeaks the lover's grief,
When heaving ſighs afford their ſoft relief;
When humble reeds bewail the ſhepherd's pain:
But like the warlike Trumpet be the ſtrain
To rouſe the Hero's rage, and far around,
With equal powers, your warriors' deeds reſound.

And thou, ‡ O born the pledge of happier days,
To guard our freedom and our glories raiſe,

‡ King Sebaſtian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoens anticipated the praiſes of the future Hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happineſs to fulfil the prophecy.

Given to the world to ſpread religion's ſway,
And pour o'er many a tribe the mental day,
Thy future honours on thy ſhield behold,
The croſs, and victor's wreath, emboſt in gold:
‖ Dread King, whoſe Empire ſees the morning riſe,
And fervid noon when blazing o'er the ſkies;

prophecy. His endowments and enterpriſing genius promiſed indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels, he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpoſe to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been depoſed by Muley Molucco. On the 4th of Auguſt, 1578, in the 25th year of his age, he gave battle to the Uſurper on the plains of Alcazar: but in the heat of the fight the young King ſuddenly diſappeared; nor was his corpſe found, or his fate certainly known. The defeat of his army, which enſued, was the firſt ſtep of the declenſion of the Portugueſe grandeur. Several years afterwards, there appeared a ſtranger at Venice, who called himſelf Sebaſtian, King of Portugal, whom he ſo perfectly reſembled, that the Portugueſe of that city acknowledged him for their Sovereign. Being brought before the Senate, who were willing to examine the truth of his pretenſions, he mentioned the ſecrets of ſeveral converſations which had paſſed between him and the Venetian ambaſſadors in the palace of Liſbon. He ſhewed natural marks on his body which many remembered on the perſon of the King, whoſe name he aſſumed. The court of Spain, who had ſeized on the kingdom of Portugal, were embarraſſed and diſtreſſed with the proofs of his veracity. The Spaniſh miniſters accuſed him of Impoſture, and by their intereſt with the Senate, he was baniſhed from the Venetian Republic. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the moſt barbarous indignities. After they had often expoſed him, mounted on an aſs, to the cruel inſults of the brutal mob, they ſent him priſoner to Spain, where his life and his misfortunes ended together in a priſon. To the laſt he maintained the truth of his aſſertions, a word never ſlipt from his lips which might countenance the charge of Impoſture, or juſtify the cruelty of his perſecutors. Dryden has written a Tragedy on the fate of this Prince: and having thus mentioned the Drama, it may not be improper to add, that the affecting Epiſode of Don Pedro, Prince of Portugal, and his beloved Ynes, in the third Canto of the Luſiad, has afforded the ſubject of two Tragedies, one by M. de la Motte, the other the Elvira of Mallet.

‖ Portugal, when Camoens wrote his Luſiad, was at the zenith of its power and ſplendor. The glorious ſucceſſes which had attended the arms

And when deſcending in the weſtern main
* The ſun ſtill gilds thy wide extended reign;
At thy commanding frown we truſt to ſee,
The Turk and Arab bend the ſuppliant knee:

arms of the Portugueſe in Africa, for upwards of a century before, had gained them the higheſt military reputation. Their fleets covered the Ocean. Their dominions and ſettlements extended along the weſtern and eaſtern ſides of the vaſt African continent. From the Red Sea to China and Japan they were ſole maſters of the riches of the Eaſt; and in America, the fertile and extenſive regions of Brazil compleated their Empire. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the imagination of Camoens was warmed with the view of his Country's greatneſs, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a ſtrain, which muſt appear as mere hyperbole to thoſe whoſe ideas of Portugal are drawn from its preſent diminiſhed ſtate. After the defeat of Don Sebaſtian at Alcazar, his uncle Cardinal Enricus aſcended the throne; but he dying after a reign of two years, Philip II. of Spain made himſelf maſter of the kingdom of Portugal, which remained under the Spaniſh yoke for about ſixty years. During this period, the Dutch poſſeſſed themſelves of the beſt Portugueſe ſettlements in the Eaſt Indies, in Africa and America; and thus, a ſudden evening interrupted the grandeur of the Portugueſe: So juſt is the obſervation of Goldſmith.

That Trade's proud Empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As Ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

May the Engliſh Eaſt India Company, in the midſt of their ſucceſſes, remember the fate of their predeceſſors, and ever be guarded againſt that politic people, who, on the principles on which they have always acted, would take the ſame advantages of the weakneſs of England, which heretofore they took of the diſtreſſes of Portugal.

* *The Sun*—Imitated perhaps from Rutilius, ſpeaking of the Roman Empire,

Volvitur ipſe tibi, qui conſpicit omnia, Phœbus
Atque tuis ortos in tua condit equos.

or more probably from theſe lines of Buchanan, addreſſed to John III. king of Portugal, the grandfather of Sebaſtian.

Inque tuis Phœbus regnis orienſque cadenſque
Vix longum feſſo conderet axe diem.
Et quæcunque vago ſe circum volvit Olympo
Affulget ratibus flamma miniſtra tuis.

Thou

Thou blooming Scion of the nobleſt ſtem,
Our nation's ſafety, and our age's gem,
O young Sebaſtian, haſten to the prime
Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb:
Yet now attentive hear the muſe's lay
While thy green years to manhood ſpeed away:
The youthful terrors of thy brow ſuſpend,
And, O propitious, to the ſong attend,
The numerous ſong, by Patriot-paſſion fir'd,
And by the glories of thy race inſpir'd;
To be the Herald of my Country's fame
My firſt ambition and my deareſt aim:
Nor conqueſts fabulous, nor actions vain,
The Muſe's paſtime, here adorn the ſtrain:
Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
And all the heroes of the Muſe's page;
Whate'er bold Fancy feign'd, ſhall now appear
Surpaſs'd, and Truth's fair ſemblance ſeem to wear;
Surpaſs'd, and dimm'd by the ſuperior blaze
Of GAMA's deeds diſplay'd in Truth's bright rays.
Nor more let Hiſtory boaſt her heroes old,
Their glorious rivals here, dread Prince, behold
The crown'd Alphonſos, with a numerous band
Of ſubject warriors, wait the Muſe's hand,

Whoſe

Whoſe glorious deeds in arms, and martial ire,
Demand the thundering ſounds of Homer's lyre.
And while, to thee, I tune the duteous lay,
Aſſume, O potent King, thine Empire's ſway;
With thy brave hoſt through Afric march along,
And give new triumphs to immortal ſong:
On thee with earneſt eyes the nations wait,
And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
The barbarous mountaineer on Taurus' brows
To thy expected yoke his ſhoulder bows;
To thee, fair Thetis yields her blue domain,
And binds her daughter with thy nuptial chain;
And from the bowers of heav'n thy Grandſires ‡ ſee
Their various virtues bloom afreſh in thee;
The one for dove-ey'd fruitful Peace renown'd,
And one with war's triumphant laurels crown'd.
With joyful hands, to deck thy manly brow,
They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;
With joyful eyes a glorious throne they ſee,
In Fame's eternal dome, reſerv'd § for thee.

‡ *Thy Grandſires*—John III. King of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the Emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almoſt continual wars.

§ *Anne novum tardis ſidus te menſibus addas,*
Qua locus Erigonen inter chelaſque ſequentes
Panditur: ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cæli juſta plus parte reliquit. VIR. G. I.

Yet

Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
The ſcepter'd power, or thunder of the field,
Here view thine Argonauts, in ſeas unknown,
And all the terrors of the burning zone,
'Till their proud ſtandards, rear'd in other ſkies,
And all their conqueſts meet thy wondering eyes*.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
The Luſitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward they trac'd the wide and loneſome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his ſcaly train;
The dancing vanes before the Zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the trackleſs Ocean plow'd;
Unplow'd before, the green-ting'd billows roſe,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the God, who with a thought controuls
The raging ſeas, and balances the poles,
From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in ſovereign ſtate,
To fix the eaſtern world's depending fate:

* Some Critics have condemned Virgil for ſtopping his narrative to introduce even a ſhort obſervation of his own. Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been blamed for the ſame reaſon, as being no part of the ſubject of his Poem. The addreſs of Camoens to Don Sebaſtian is liable to the ſame cenſure; nor does it want poetical merit to plead its admiſſion. But, however, the *ſang froid* of a Critic may condemn him; Camoens will be juſtified at the bar of Common Senſe, for the licence he has taken of inſerting in the Luſiad, an addreſs to his Prince. He ſtood in need of a penſion, and it procured him one; which he enjoyed till the fate of his Patron at the unfortunate battle of Alcazar.

Swift

Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal ſenate of the ſkies;
Whence from the ſovereign throne of earth and heaven
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
Inſtant the Regents of the Spheres of light,
And thoſe who rule the paler orbs of night,
With thoſe, the gods whoſe delegated ſway
The burning South and frozen North obey;
With thoſe whoſe Empires ſee the day ſtar riſe,
And evening Phœbus leave the weſtern ſkies,
All inſtant pour'd along the milky road,
Heav'n's chryſtal pavements glittering as they trode;
And now, obedient to the dread command,
Before their awful Lord in order ſtand.

Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne
That glow'd with ſtars, and bright as lightning ſhone,
Th' immortal Sire, who darts the thunder, ſate,
The crown and ſceptre added ſolemn ſtate;
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whoſe ardent rays
Flam'd round his brows, outſhone the di'mond's blaze:
His breath ſuch gales of vital fragrance ſhed,
As might, with ſudden life, inſpire the dead:
Supreme Controul thron'd in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the Monarch of the ſkies.

On

On ſeats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The ſubject Gods their ſovereign Lord enfold,
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that ſhook
The towers of heav'n, the world's dread Ruler ſpoke:

Immortal heirs of light, my purpoſe hear,
My counſels ponder, and the fates revere:
Unleſs Oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank ſhades, to you, ye Gods, are known
The Fate's decree, and ancient warlike Fame
Of that bold Race which boaſts of Luſus' name;
That bold advent'rous Race, the Fates declare,
A potent Empire in the Eaſt ſhall rear,
Surpaſſing Babel's, or the Perſian fame,
Proud Grecia's boaſt, or Rome's illuſtrious name.
Oft from theſe brilliant ſeats have you beheld
The ſons of Luſus on the duſty field,
With few triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
'Till from the beauteous lawns on Tagus' ſhores
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has heaven
Before their troops the brave Caſtilians driven;
While Victory her eagle-wings diſplay'd
Where'er their Warriors wav'd the ſhining blade.
Nor reſts unknown how Luſus' heroes ſtood
When Rome's Ambition dy'd the world with blood;

What

What glorious laurels * Viriatus gain'd
When oft his ſword with Roman gore was ſtain'd;
And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the Chief renown'd,

* This brave Luſitanian who was firſt a ſhepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exaſperated at the tyranny of the Romans encouraged his countrymen to revolt and ſhake off the yoke. Being appointed General he defeated Vetilius the Prætor, who commanded in Luſitania, or farther Spain. After this he defeated in three pitched battles, the Prætors C. Plautius Hypſæus, and Claudius Unimanus, though they led againſt him very numerous armies. For ſix years he continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight whereever he met them, and laying waſte the countries of their allies. Having obtained ſuch advantages over the Proconſul Servilianus, that the only choice which was left to the Roman army was death or ſlavery, the brave Viriatus, inſtead of putting them all to the ſword, as he could eaſily have done, ſent a deputation to the General, offering to conclude a peace with him on this ſingle condition, *That he ſhould continue Maſter of the Country now in his power, and that the Romans ſhould remain poſſeſſed of the reſt of Spain.*

The Proconſul, who expected nothing leſs than death or ſlavery, thought theſe very favourable and moderate terms, without heſitation concluded a peace, and got it ſoon after ratified by the Roman Senate and people. Thus Viriatus put in execution the glorious deſign he had always in view, which was to erect a kingdom in the vaſt Country he conquered from the Republic. And had it not been for the treachery of the Romans, he would have become, as Florus calls him, the Romulus of Spain: He would have founded a monarchy capable of counterbalancing the power of Rome.

The Senate, ſtill deſirous to revenge their late defeats, ſoon after this peace ordered Q. Servilius Cæpio to exaſperate Viriatus, and force him, by repeated affronts, to commit the firſt acts of hoſtility. But this mean artifice did not ſucceed: Viriatus would not be provoked to a breach of the treaty: On which the Conſcript Fathers, to the eternal diſgrace of their Republic, ordered Cæpio to declare war, and to proclaim Viriatus, who had given no provocation, an enemy to Rome. To this baſeneſs, Cæpio added ſtill a greater; he corrupted the ambaſſadors which Viriatus had ſent to negociate with him, who, at the inſtigation of the Roman, treacherouſly murdered their Protector and General, which they baſely perpetrated while he ſlept.—Univ. Hiſt.

Who

Who † feign'd, a dæmon, in a deer conceal'd,
To him the counſels of the Gods reveal'd.
And now ambitious to extend their ſway
Beyond their conqueſts on the ſouthmoſt bay
Of Afric's ſwarthy coaſt, on floating wood
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd miſts have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have ſail'd the wave before,
Beneath new ſkies they hold their dreadful way
To reach the cradle of the new born day:
And Fate, whoſe mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd, that long ſhall Luſus' offspring reign
The Lords of that wide ſea, whoſe waves behold
The ſun come forth enthron'd in burning gold.
But now, the tedious length of winter paſt,
Diſtreſs'd and weak, the heroes faint at laſt.
What gulphs they dar'd, you ſaw, what ſtorms they brav'd,
Beneath what various heavens their banners wav'd!
Now mercy pleads, and ſoon the riſing land
To their glad eyes ſhall o'er the waves expand;
As welcome friends the natives ſhall receive,
With joy ſhall feaſt them, and their wants relieve.

† Sertorius, who was invited by the Luſitanians to defend them againſt the Romans. He had a tame white Hind, which he had accuſtomed to follow him, and from which he pretended he received the inſtructions of Diana. By this artifice he impoſed upon the ſuperſtition of that people.
Vid. PLUT.

And when refreſhment ſhall their ſtrength renew,
Thence ſhall they turn, and their bold rout perſue.

So ſpoke high Jove: The Gods with ſilence heard,
Then riſing each, by turns, his thoughts prefer'd:
But chief was Bacchus § of the adverſe train;
Fearful he was, nor were his fears in vain,
Should Luſus' race arrive on India's ſhore,
His ancient honours would be nam'd no more;
No more in Nyſa * ſhould the natives tell
What kings, what mighty hoſts, before him fell.
The fertile vales beneath the riſing ſun
He view'd as his, by right of conqueſt won,
And deem'd that ever in immortal ſong
The Conqueror's title ſhould to him belong.
Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that loos'd from Spain,
Boldly advent'rous thro' the polar main,
A warlike race ſhould come, renown'd in arms,
And ſhake the eaſtern world with war's alarms,
Whoſe glorious conqueſts and illuſtrious fame
In black Oblivion's waves ſhould whelm his name.

§ *But chief was Bacchus*——The French Tranſlator has the following note on this place: *Le Camoens n'a pourtant fait en cela que ſuivre l'exemple de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premier chapitre de Job. Quâdam autem die cum veniſſent, &c. Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'etoient aſſemblés devant ſon trone, Satan y vint auſſi, &c.*

* *No more in Nyſa*—An ancient city in India, ſacred to Bacchus.

Urania-

Urania-Venus*, Queen of ſacred love,
Aroſe a pleader on the part of Jove;
Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Luſus' ſons could trace
A kindred likeneſs to the Roman race,
For whom of old ſuch kind regard ſhe bore;
The ſame their triumphs on Barbaria's ſhore,
The ſame the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly muſic of their tongue the ſame§:
Affection thus the lovely Goddeſs ſway'd,
Nor leſs what Fate's unblotted page diſplay'd:
Where-e'er this people ſhould their Empire raiſe,
She knew her altars ſhould unnumber'd blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.

* *Urania-Venus*——An Italian Poet has given the following deſcription of the celeſtial Venus:

Queſta è vaga di Dio Venere bella
Vicina al Sole, e ſopra ogni altra eſtella
Queſta è quella beata, a cui s'inchina,
A cui ſi volge deſiando amore,
Chiamata cui del Ciel rara e divina
Beltà che vien tra noi per noſtro honore,
Per far le menti deſiando al Cielo
Obliare l' altrui col proprio velo.——Martel.

§ *The manly muſic of their tongue the ſame*——Camoens ſays,

E na lingoa, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupçao cré que he Latina.

Qualifications are never elegant in poetry. Fanſhaw's tranſlation and the original both prove this.

——————— *their tongue*
Which ſhe thinks Latin with ſmall droſs among.

Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd:
Their ſtruggling factions ſhook th' Olympian ſtate,
With all the clamorous tempeſt of debate.
Thus when the ſtorm with ſudden guſt invades
The ancient foreſt's deep and lofty ſhades,
The burſting whirlwinds tear their rapid courſe,
The ſhatter'd oaks craſh, and with echoes hoarſe
The mountains groan, while whirling on the blaſt
The thick'ning leaves a gloomy darkneſs caſt;
Such was the tumult in the bleſt abodes,
When Mars, high towering o'er the rival Gods,
Stept forth: ſtern ſparkles from his eye balls glanc'd,
And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
O'er his left ſhoulder his broad ſhield he throws
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
Bold and enrag'd he ſtands, and, frowning round,
Strikes with his ſpear-ſtaff on the ſounding ground,
Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale*—Such dread
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus ſpread:
When thus the Warrior, — O Eternal Sire,
Thine is the ſceptre, thine the thunder's fire,

* ——*and the light turn'd pale*—The thought in the Original has ſomething in it wildly great, though it is not expreſſed in the happieſt manner of Camoens,

O ceo tremeo, e Apollo detorvado
Hum pauco a luz perdeo, como infiado.

Supreme

Supreme dominion thine; then, Father, hear,
Shall that bold Race which once to thee was dear,
Who now fulfilling thy decrees of old,
Thro' theſe wild waves their fearleſs journey hold,
Shall that bold Race no more thy care engage,
But ſink the victims of unhallowed rage!
Did Bacchus yield to Reaſon's voice divine,
Bacchus the cauſe of Luſus' ſons would join,
Luſus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars,
For Envy ſtill a foe to worth will be,
To worth tho' guarded by the heaven's decree.

Then thou, dread Lord of Fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counſels ſtain,
For Luſus' Race thy promis'd favour ſhew:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's ſon explore the watery way,
Where ſpent with toil, with weary hopes, they ſtray,
And ſafe to harbour, thro' the deep untry'd,
Let him, impower'd, their wandering veſſels guide;
There let them hear of India's wiſh'd-for ſhore,
And balmy reſt their fainting ſtrength reſtore.

He ſpoke: high Jove aſſenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance ſhed,
Then lowly bending to the Eternal Sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the Gods retire.

Whilſt thus in Heav'n's bright palace Fate was weigh'd,
Right onward ſtill the brave Armada ſtray'd:
Right on they ſteer by Ethiopia's ſtrand
And paſtoral Madagaſcar's § verdant land.
Before the balmy gales of cheerful ſpring,
With heav'n their friend, they ſpread the canvas wing;
The ſky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The laſting promiſe of a calm declare.
Behind them now the Cape of Praſo bends,
Another Ocean to their view extends,
Where black-top't iſlands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves ‡, in proſpect riſe.
But GAMA, (captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprize, and born for high command,
Whoſe martial fires, with prudence cloſe allied,
Secur'd the ſmiles of fortune on his ſide)

§ *And paſtoral Madagaſcar*——Called by the ancient Geographers Menuthias, and Cerna Ethiopica; by the natives, the Iſland of the Moon; and by the Portugueſe, the Iſle of St. Laurence, on whoſe feſtival they diſcovered it.

‡ *Lav'd by the gentle waves*—The Original ſays, the Sea ſhewed them new iſlands, which it encircled and laved. Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

Neptune diſclos'd new iſles which he did play
About, and with his billows danc't the hay.

Bears

Bears off thoſe ſhores which waſte and wild appear'd,
And eaſtward ſtill for happier climates ſteer'd:
When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
A fleet of ſmall canoes the Pilot ſpied;
Hoiſting their ſails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a ſwarming crowd they move:
Long were their boats ‖, and ſharp to bound along
Through the daſh'd waters, broad their oars and ſtrong:
The bending rowers on their features bore
The ſwarthy marks of Phaeton's * fall of yore;

‖ *Long were their boats, and ſharp to bound along*,——Fanſhaw's tranſlation of this paſſage may ſerve as a ſpecimen of his uſual manner:

For ſtrait out of that Iſle which ſeem'd moſt neer
Unto the continent, Behold a number
Of little Boats in company appeer,
Which (clapping all wings on) the long ſea ſunder!
The men are wrapt with joy, and, with the meer
Exceſs of it, can only look and wonder.
What nation's this, (within themſelves they ſay)
What rites, what laws, what king do they obey?

Their coming thus: In boats with fins, nor flat,
But apt t' o'er-ſet (as being pincht and long)
And then they'd ſwim like rats. The ſayles, of mat
Made of palm leaves, wove curiouſly and ſtrong.
The men's complexion, the ſelf-ſame with that
HEE gave the earth's burnt parts (from heaven flung,)
Who was more brave than wiſe; That this is true
The Po doth know and Lampetuſa rue.

* ——— *of Phaeton's fall*——The hiſtorical foundation of the fable of Phaeton is this. Phaeton was a young enterpriſing prince of Libya. Croſſing the Mediterranean in queſt of adventures he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to ſee his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaeton was ſkilled in aſtrology, from whence he arrogated to himſelf the title of the ſon of Apollo. One day in the heat of ſummer as he was riding along the banks

When flaming lightnings ſcorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, diſcover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton ſtrip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'Twas one whole piece beneath one arm confin'd,
The reſt hung looſe and flutter'd on the wind,
All, but one breaſt, above the loins was bare,
And ſwelling turbans bound their jetty hair:
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
And warlike muſic ſounded as they row'd.
With joy the ſailors ſaw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear:
What nations theſe, their wondering thoughts explore,
What rites they follow, and what God adore!
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.
The lofty maſts the nimble youths aſcend,
The ropes they haule, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
Already pointing to the Iſland's ſhore,
A ſafe moon'd bay, with ſlacken'd ſails they bore:

of the Po, his horſes took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where together with their maſter they periſhed. Cygnus who was a Poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verſe, from whence the fable.
Vid. Plutar. in vit. Pyrr.

With

With cheerful ſhouts they furl the gather'd ſail
That leſs and leſs flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their ſpeed ſtopt, o'er the ſurges nod,
The falling anchors daſh the foaming flood;
When ſudden as they ſtopt, the ſwarthy race
With ſmiles of friendly welcome on each face,
Alert and bounding, by the cordage climb:
Illuſtrious GAMA, with an air ſublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendſhip gives,
Bids ſpread the board, and, inſtant as he ſaid,
Along the deck the feſtive board is ſpread:
The ſparkling wine in chryſtal goblets glows,
And round the gueſts with cheerful welcome flows;
While thus the wine its ſprightly glee inſpires,
From whence the fleet, the ſwarthy Chief enquires,
What ſeas they paſt, what vantage would attain,
And what the ſhore their purpoſe hop'd to gain?
From fartheſt weſt, the PORTINGALS reply,
To reach the golden eaſtern ſhores we try.
Through that unbounded ſea where billows roll
From the cold northern to the ſouthern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vaſt
Of Afric's bays, already have we paſt;

And many a ſky have ſeen, and many a ſhore,
Where but ſea-monſters cut the waves before.
To ſpread the glories of our Monarch's reign,
For India's ſhore we brave the trackleſs main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The diſmal gulphs of Acheron's black wave.
And now, in turn, your race, your Country ſhew,
And what, for truth, of India's ſite you know.

Rude are the natives here, the Moor reply'd,
Dark are their minds, and brute-deſire their guide:
But we of alien blood and ſtrangers here,
Nor hold their cuſtoms nor their laws revere.
From Abram's § race our holy prophet ſprung,
An Angel taught, and heav'n inſpir'd his tongue;
His ſacred rites and mandates we obey,
And diſtant Empires own his holy ſway.
From iſle to iſle our trading veſſels roam,
Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.
As then your ſails for India's ſhores expand,
For ſultry Ganges or Hydaſpes' ſtrand,
Here ſhall you find a Pilot ſkill'd to guide
Thro' all the dangers of the per'lous tide,

§ *From Abram's race our holy prophet ſprung*——Mohammed, who was deſcended from Iſhmael, the ſon of Abraham by Hagar.

Though

Though wide ſpread ſhelves, and cruel rocks unſeen,
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, mean while, what fruits theſe iſlands hold,
And to the Regent let your wiſh be told.
Then may your Caterers at will provide,
And all your various wants be here ſupplied.

So ſpoke the Moor, and bearing ſmiles untrue
And ſigns of friendſhip, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhop'd the ſailors ſtood,
To find ſuch kindneſs on a ſhore ſo rude.
Now ſhooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd Sun withdraws his beamy rays;
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful reſt their wearied ſtrength repairs.

Calm Twilight * now his drowſy mantle ſpreads,
And ſhade on ſhade, the gloom ſtill deepening, ſheds.

* *Calm Twilight now*——Camoens in this paſſage has imitated Homer in the manner of Virgil: by diverſifying the ſcene he has made the deſcription his own. The paſſage alluded to is in the eighth Iliad:

Ως δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
Φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, &c.

Thus elegantly tranſlated by Pope:

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,

O'er

The Moon, full-orb'd, forſakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The ſnowy ſplendors of her modeſt ray
Stream o'er the gliſt'ning waves, and quivering play:
Around her, glittering on the heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd Stars, enclos'd in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew drops of the roſy dawn,
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daiſy-lawn:
The canvas whitens in the ſilvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The maſts tall ſhadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds an holy ſilence keep;
The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the ſtill repoſe.

Aurora now, with dewy luſtre bright,
Appears, aſcending on the rear of night,
With gentle hand, as ſeeming oft to pauſe,
The purple curtains of the morn ſhe draws;
The ſun comes forth, and ſoon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their cheerful taſks perſue.

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault and bleſs the uſeful light.

Wide

Wide o'er the decks the ſpreading ſails they throw;
From each tall maſt the waving ſtreamers flow;
All ſeems a feſtive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the Iſland's Lord.
With equal joy the Regent ſails to meet,
And brings freſh cates, his offerings, to the fleet;
For of his kindred Race their line he deems,
That ſavage Race who ruſh'd from Caſpia's ſtreams,
And triumph'd o'er the Eaſt, and Aſia won,
In proud Byzantium fixt their haughty throne.
Brave Vaſco hails the Chief with honeſt ſmiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boaſt of Europe's arts diſcloſe,
And ſparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.
High on the ſhrouds the wond'ring ſailors hung,
To note the Mooriſh garb, and barb'rous tongue:
Nor leſs the ſubtle Moor, with wonder fir'd,
Their mien, their dreſs, and lordly ſhips admir'd:
Much he enquires, their King's, their Country's name,
And, if from Turkey's fertile ſhores they came?
What God they worſhipp'd, what their ſacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore?
To whom brave GAMA; Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plow from Izmael's ſhores the flood;

From Europe's ſtrand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worſhip ſtretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave theſe ſwelling waves to roll below;
The hemiſpheres of night and day he ſpread,
He ſcoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head;
His Word produc'd the nations of the earth,
And gave the ſpirits of the ſky their birth;
On Earth ‡, by him, his holy lore was given,
On Earth he came to raiſe mankind to heaven.

‡ *On earth, &c.*——M. Caſtera has omitted this and every other paſſage where Chriſtianity is mentioned, on purpoſe undoubtedly to avoid that mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan Mythology, for which the Luſiad is blamed. The Tranſlator, however, who takes the liberty to ſuppreſs ſome hundred paſſages where the Chriſtian Religion is mentioned or alluded to, cannot, with any propriety, call his work a tranſlation of the Luſiad of Camoens.

It ought to be every Tranſlator's principal care to make his author appear in the moſt becoming and pleaſing dreſs. It is not enough that he gives his meaning, he muſt alſo give his elegance. But the genius and idioms of languages are ſo different, that elegance can never be attained, and the ſpirit of Poetry will always evaporate, in literal tranſlation. Yet while it is the duty of the Tranſlator to give the agreeable caſt, he ought by no means to conceal any characteriſtical feature of his author.

In this verſion of the Luſiad, the paſſages where the Chriſtian Religion is mentioned or alluded to, will be preſerved, but rendered with ſuch freedom as Horace recommends:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres——

By this, the genuine machinery, and many highly poetical parts of the Luſiad will be retained. One example of Caſtera's different conduct ſhall, at preſent, be mentioned. A Mooriſh Pilot conducts GAMA to Mombaſſa, telling him that place was inhabited by Chriſtians. Bacchus, to draw them aſhore, aſſumes the ſemblance of a Chriſtian Prieſt who had raiſed an altar adorned with a painting of the Gift of Tongues, of which Camoens has given a fine deſcription. This, if well executed, cannot fail of being more agreeable

And now behold, what moſt your eyes deſire,
Our ſhining armour and our arms of fire;
For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle-field.

Strait * as he ſpoke the Magazines diſplay'd
Their glorious ſhew, where, tire on tire inlaid,
Appear'd of glittering ſteel the carabines,
There the plum'd helms, and pond'rous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers' ſculptor'd orbs emboſt
The crooked faulchions' dreadful blades were croſt;
There claſping greaves, and plated mail-quilts ſtrong,
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung;
And like a grove the burniſh'd ſpears were ſeen,
With darts, and halberts double-edg'd, between;
Here dread grenadoes and tremendous bombs
With deaths ten thouſand lurking in their wombs,

agreeable to the Reader, than the French, *il avoit élevé un autel ſomptueux qui paroiſſoit conſacré au culte de la religion Portugaiſe.* Nor will the true Critic be much offended with the preſence of Baechus, when he remembers that under that name is figured the genius of Mohammediſm, by every endeavour attempting the deſtruction of Chriſtianity.

* *Strait as he ſpoke*——The deſcription of the armoury and the account which Vaſco de Gama gives of his religion conſiſts, in the Original, of thirty-two lines, which M. Caſtera has reduced into the following ſentence: *Leur Gouverneur fait differentes queſtions au Capitaine, qui pour le ſatisfaire lui explique en peu des mots la Religion que les Portugais ſuivent, l'uſage des armes dont ils ſe ſervent dans la guerre, et les deſſein qui les amene.*

And

And far around of brown, and duſky red
The pointed piles of iron balls were ſpread.
The Bombadeers now to the Regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet, at their Leader's nod, the ſons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the ſame)
Withheld their hands, nor gave the ſeeds of fire
To rouſe the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For GAMA's ſoul diſdain'd that pride of ſhew
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.

His joy and wonder oft the Moor expreſt,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breaſt;
With ſmiles obedient to his will's controul
He veils the purpoſe of his treach'rous ſoul:
Brave Vaſco ſues for pilots ſkill'd to ſteer
To India's ſtrand; and vows with ſoul ſincere,
That gifts of price ſhall recompence their toils;
The Moor prevents him with aſſenting ſmiles,
Reſolv'd that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall firſt the hatred of his ſoul declare;
Such ſudden rage his rankling mind poſſeſt,
When § GAMA's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt,

§ *When Gama's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt.*——This, and, of conſequence, the reaſon of the Moor's hate is entirely omitted by Caſtera. The Original

Oh depth of heav'n's dread will, that ranc'rous hate
On heav'n's beſt lov'd in every clime ſhould wait!
Now ſmiling round on all the wondering crew
The Moor attended with his bands withdrew;
His nimble Barges ſoon approach'd the land,
And ſhouts of joy receiv'd him on the ſtrand.

From heav'n's high dome the Vintage-God beheld;
(Whom † nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)
Well-pleas'd he mark'd the Moor's determin'd hate
And thus his mind revolv'd in ſelf-debate:

Has heav'n, indeed, ſuch glorious lot ordain'd!
By Luſus' race ſuch conqueſts to be gain'd
O'er warlike nations, and on India's ſhore,
Where I unrivall'd claim'd the palm before!
I ſprung from Jove! and ſhall theſe wand'ring few
What Ammon's ſon unconquer'd left, ſubdue!
Ammon's brave ſon who led the God of war
His ſlave auxiliar at his thundering car!

is, the Moor conceived hatred, "knowing they were followers of the truth which the Son of David taught." Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

Knowing they follow that unerring light
The Son of David holds out in his Book.

By this Solomon muſt be underſtood, not the Meſſiah, as meant by Camoens.

† *Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd.*——According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nouriſhed during his infancy in a cave of mount Meros, which in Greek ſignifies a thigh. Hence the fable.

Muſt theſe poſſeſs what Jove to him deny'd,
Poſſeſs what never ſooth'd the Roman pride!
Muſt theſe the victor's lordly flag diſplay
With hateful blaze beneath the riſing day,
My name diſhonour'd, and my victories ſtain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my ſhrines profan'd!
No—be it mine to fan the Regent's hate;
Occaſion ſeiz'd commands the action's fate.
'Tis mine—this captain, now my dread no more,
Shall never ſhake his ſpear on India's ſhore.

So ſpake the Power, and with the lightning's flight
For Afric darted thro' the fields of light.
§ His form divine he cloath'd in human ſhape,
And ruſh'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape:
In the dark ſemblance of a Moor he came
For art and old experience known to fame:
Him all his peers, with humble def'rence heard
And all Mozambic and its prince rever'd:
The Prince in haſte he ſought, and thus expreſt
His guileful hate in friendly counſel dreſt:

§ *His form divine he cloath'd in human ſhape.*

Alecto torvam faciem et furialia membra
Exuit: in vultus ſeſe transformat aniles,
Et frontem obſcœnam rugis arat. —— Vir. En. 7.

And to the Regent of this iſle alone
Are theſe Advent'rers and their fraud unknown?
Has Fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear?
Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here?
Yet ſtill their hands the peaceful olive bore
Whene'er they anchor'd on a foreign ſhore:
But nor their ſeeming nor their oaths I truſt,
For Afric knows them bloody and unjuſt.
The nations ſink beneath their lawleſs force,
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly courſe.
We too, unleſs kind heaven and Thou prevent,
Muſt fall the victims of their dire intent,
And, gaſping in the pangs of death, behold
Our wives led captive and our daughters ſold.
By ſtealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring
The healthful beverage from the living Spring:
Arm'd with his troop the Captain will appear;
For conſcious fraud is ever prone to fear.
To meet them there ſelect a truſty band,
And in cloſe ambuſh take thy ſilent ſtand,
There wait, and ſudden on the heedleſs foe
Ruſh, and deſtroy them ere they dread the blow.
Or ſay ſhould ſome eſcape the ſecret ſnare
Sav'd by their fate, their valour, or their care,

Yet their dread fall ſhall celebrate our iſle,
If fate conſent, and thou approve the guile.
Give them a Pilot to conduct their fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit;
Whoſe hand advent'rous ſhall their helms miſguide,
To hoſtile ſhores, or whelm them in the tide.

So ſpoke the God, in ſemblance of a ſage
Renown'd for Counſel and the craft of age.
The Moor with tranſport glowing in his face
Approv'd, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And inſtant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and implements of war,
That Luſus' ſons, impurpled with their gore,
Might find that water which they ſought on ſhore:
And ſtill regardful of his dire intent,
A ſkilful pilot to the bay he ſent;
Of honeſt mien, yet practis'd in deceit,
Who far at diſtance on the beach ſhould wait,
And to the 'ſcap'd, if ſome ſhould 'ſcape the ſnare
Should offer friendſhip and the Pilot's care,
But when at ſea on rocks ſhould daſh their pride,
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.

Apollo now had left his watery bed,
And o'er the mountains of Arabia ſpread

His rays that glow'd with gold; when Gama roſe
And from his bands a truſty ſquadron choſe:
In three bold ſkiffs they brought their caſks to fill
From gurgling fountain, or the chryſtal rill:
In arms they came, for brave defence prepar'd,
For martial care is ever on the guard:
And ſecret warnings ever are impreſt
On wiſdom ſuch as wak'd in GAMA's breaſt.

And now, as ſwiftly ſpringing thro' the tide
The ſkiffs advanc'd, a troop of Moors they ſpy'd,
O'er the pale ſands the ſable warriors crowd
And toſs their threat'ning darts, and ſhout aloud.
Yet flight they purpos'd, tho they dar'd the fight,
To lead brave GAMA by their ſudden flight,
Where midſt the ſhades impervious to the day
Their numerous bands in ſilent ambuſh lay.
With ſcornful geſtures o'er the beach they ſtride
And puſh their levell'd ſpears with barbarous pride,
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,
And ſtrike their ſounding ſhields, and dare the foe.
With generous rage the PORTUGUESE beheld,
And each brave breaſt with indignation ſwell'd,
To view ſuch foes like ſnarling dogs diſplay
Their threatening tuſks, and brave the ſanguine fray:

Together

Together with a bound they ſpring to land,
Unknown whoſe ſtep firſt trode the hoſtile ſtrand.

* Thus, when to gain his beauteous Charmer's ſmile,
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil,
Before the nodding Bull's ſtern front he ſtands,
He leaps, he wheels, he ſhouts, and waves his hands:
The lordly brute diſdains the ſtripling's rage,
His noſtrils ſmoke, and eager to engage;
His horned brows he levels with the ground,
And ſhuts his flaming eyes, and wheeling round
With dreadful bellowing ruſhes on the foe,
And lays the boaſtful gaudy champion low.
Thus to the fight the ſons of Luſus ſprung,
Nor ſlow to fall their ample vengeance hung:
With ſudden roar the carabines reſound,
And burſting echoes from the hills rebound;
The lead flies hiſſing thro' the trembling air,
And death's fell dæmons thro' the flaſhes glare.

* *Thus when to gain his beauteous Charmer's ſmile,*
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil.

This ſimilie is taken from a favourite exerciſe in Spain, where it is uſual to ſee young Gentlemen of the beſt families entering the liſts to fight with a Bull, adorned with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind of cutlas, which the Spaniards call Machete. Though Camoens in this deſcription of it has given the victory to the Bull, it very ſeldom ſo happens, the young Caballeros being very expert at this valorous exerciſe, and ambitious to diſplay their dexterity, which is a ſure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the Ladies.

Where

Where, up the land, a grove of palms encloſe
And caſt their ſhadows where the fountain flows,
The lurking ambuſh from their treacherous ſtand
Beheld the combat burning on the ſtrand:
They ſee the flaſh with ſudden lightnings flare,
And the blue ſmoke ſlow rolling on the air:
They ſee their warriors drop, and ſtarting, hear
The lingering thunders burſting on their ear;
Amaz'd, appall'd, the treacherous ambuſh fled,
And rag'd, and curſt their birth, and quak'd with dread.
The bands that vaunting ſhew'd their threaten'd might,
With ſlaughter gor'd, precipitate in flight;
Yet oft, tho' trembling, on the foe they turn
Their eyes that red with luſt of vengeance burn:
Aghaſt with fear and ſtern with deſperate rage
The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,
Flints, ‡ clods, and javelins hurling as they fly
As rage and wild deſpair their hands ſupply:

‡ *Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,*
As rage, &c.——
Jamque faces et ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat.

VIR. En. I.

The Spaniſh Commentator on this Place relates a very extraordinary Inſtance of the *furor arma miniſtrans.* A Portugueſe Soldier at the ſiege of Diu in the Indies being ſurrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his muſket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it ſupplied the place of a bullet.

And ſoon diſperſt, their bands attempt no more
To guard the fountain or defend the ſhore:
O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear;
Nor ſleeps the vengeance of the Victor here;
To teach the nations what tremendous fate
From his right arm on perjur'd vows ſhould wait,
He ſeiz'd the time to awe the eaſtern world,
And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.
From his black ſhips the ſudden lightnings blaze,
And o'er old ocean flaſh their dreadful rays:
White clouds on clouds inroll'd the ſmoke aſcends,
And burſting thunders heav'n's wide concave rends:
The bays and caverns of the winding ſhore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar:
The bombs, far-flaming, hiſs along the ſky,
And whirring thro' the air the bullets fly;
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd ſound,
Groans to the direful ſtrife, and trembles round.

Now from the Mooriſh town the ſheets of fire,
With blaze ſucceeding blaze, to heav'n aſpire.
Black riſe the clouds of ſmoke, and by the gales
Borne down, in ſtreams hang hovering o'er the vales;
And ſlowly floating round the mountains' head
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landſcape ſpread.

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd ſea-fowl riſing from the ſhore,
Beat round in whirls at every cannon's roar;
Where o'er the ſmoke the maſts tall heads appear,
Hovering they ſcream, then dart with ſudden fear,
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with diſmal clang their native ſky.
Thus fled in rout confus'd the treach'rous Moors
From field to field, then, haſtning to the ſhores,
Some truſt in boats their wealth and lives to ſave,
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave;
Some ſpread their arms to ſwim, and ſome beneath
The whelming billows, ſtruggling, pant for breath,
Then whirl'd aloft their noſtrils ſpout the brine;
While ſhow'ring ſtill from many a carabine
The leaden hail their ſails and veſſels tore,
Till ſafe they landed on the neighb'ring ſhore:
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd
And GAMA's terrors to the Eaſt diſplay'd.

Imbrown'd with duſt a beaten pathway ſhews
Where 'midſt unbrageous palms the fountain flows;
From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now ſole maſters of the iſland's wealth,
With coſtly ſpoils and eaſtern robes adorn'd,
The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.

With

With hell's keen fires ſtill for revenge athirſt,
The Regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurſt,
To ſtrike a ſurer, yet a ſecret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promis'd Pilot to the fleet he ſends
And deep repentance for his crime pretends.
Sincere the Herald ſeems, and while he ſpeaks,
Th' inſidious tears ſteal down his hoary cheeks.
Brave GAMA, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the Pilot's hand receives:
A dreadful gift! inſtructed to decoy,
In gulphs to whelm them, or on rocks deſtroy.

The valiant Chief, impatient of delay,
For India now reſumes his watery way;
Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the ſail,
Spread full the canvas to the riſing gale;
He ſpoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full wing'd veſſels ride;
While as they rode before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of ſea-born nymphs aroſe.
The while brave Vaſco's unſuſpecting mind
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor deſign'd:
Much of the coaſt he aſks, and much demands
Of Afric's ſhores and India's ſpicy lands.

The crafty Moor by vengeful Bacchus taught
Employ'd on deadly plots his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd on GAMA's head
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead.
Yet all the Chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor ought of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd:
For thus he ween'd to gain his eaſy faith,
And gain'd, betray to ſlavery or to death.
And now ſecurely truſting to deſtroy,
As erſt falſe Simon ſnar'd the ſons of Troy,
Behold, diſcloſing from the ſky, he cries,
Far to the north, yon cloud-like iſle ariſe:
From ancient times the natives of the ſhore
The blood-ſtain'd Image on the Croſs adore.
Swift at the word, the joyful GAMA cry'd,
For that fair iſland turn the helm aſide,
O bring my veſſels where the Chriſtians dwell,
And thy glad lips my gratitude ſhall tell:
With ſullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,
And for that iſland turn'd the helm aſide.
For well Quiloa's ſwarthy race he knew,
Their laws and faith to Hagar's offspring true;
Their ſtrength in war, through all the nations round,
Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd;

He knew what hate the Chriſtian name they bore,
And hop'd that hate on Vaſco's bands to pour.

Right to the land the faithleſs Pilot ſteers,
Right to the land the glad Armada bears;
But heav'nly Love's fair Queen *, whoſe watchful care
Had ever been their guide, beheld the ſnare.
A ſudden ſtorm ſhe rais'd: Loud howl'd the blaſt,
The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning maſt
Bended beneath the weight. Deep ſunk the prows,
And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppoſe;
In vain the Pilot would the ſpeed reſtrain,
The Captain ſhouts, the Sailors toil in vain;

* *But heavenly Love's fair Queen*——When GAMA arrived in the Eaſt, the Moors were the only people who engroſſed the trade of thoſe parts. Jealous of ſuch formidable rivals as the Portugueſe, they employed every artifice to accompliſh the deſtruction of GAMA's fleet, for they foreſaw the conſequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with theſe ſeas and ſpoke the Arabic language, GAMA was obliged to employ them both as Pilots and Interpreters. The circumſtance now mentioned by Camoens is an hiſtorical fact. The Mooriſh Pilot, ſays De Barros, intended to conduct the Portugueſe into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Chriſtians, but a ſudden ſtorm ariſing, drove the fleet from that ſhore, where death or ſlavery would have been the certain fate of GAMA and his companions. The villany of the Pilot was afterwards diſcovered. As GAMA was endeavouring to enter the port of Melinda his ſhip ſtruck on a ſand bank, and finding their purpoſe of bringing him into the harbour defeated, two of the Mooriſh Pilots leaped into the ſea and ſwam aſhore. Alarmed at this tacit acknowledgement of guilt, GAMA ordered two other Mooriſh Pilots who remained on board to be examined by whipping, who, after ſome time, made a full confeſſion of their intended villany. This diſcovery greatly encouraged GAMA and his men, who now interpreted the ſudden ſtorm which had driven them from Quiloa as a miraculous interpoſition of the Divine Providence in their favour.

Aſlope

Aſlope and gliding on the leeward ſide
The bounding veſſels cut the roaring tide:
Soon far they paſt; and now the ſlacken'd ſail
Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:
Till many a league before the tempeſt toſt
The treacherous Pilot ſees his purpoſe croſt:
Yet vengeful ſtill, and ſtill intent on guile,
Behold, he cries, yon dim emerging iſle:
There live the vot'ries of Meſſiah's lore
In faithful peace and friendſhip with the Moor.
Yet all was falſe, for there Meſſiah's name,
Revil'd and ſcorn'd, was only known by fame.
The grov'ling natives there, a brutal herd,
The ſenſual lore of Hagar's ſon preferr'd.
With joy brave GAMA hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the ſail.
Yet watchful ſtill fair Love's celeſtial Queen
Prevents the danger with an hand unſeen;
Nor paſt the bar his ventrous veſſels guides,
And ſafe at anchor in the road he rides.

Between the iſle and Ethiopia's land
A narrow current laves each adverſe ſtrand;
Cloſe by the margin where the green tide flows,
Full to the bay a lordly city roſe;

With

With fervid blaze the glowing Evening pours
Its purple ſplendors o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder luſtre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glaſſy ſtream.
Here reign'd an hoary King of ancient fame;
Mombaſſa was the town and iſland's name.

As when the Pilgrim, who with weary pace
Thro' lonely waſtes untrod by human race
For many a day diſconſolate has ſtray'd,
The moſs his bed, the wild-wood boughs his ſhade,
O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful ſeats of men
In grateful proſpect riſing on his ken.
So GAMA joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vaſt, the loneſome watery way,
Had ſeen new ſtars, unknown to Europe, riſe,
And brav'd the horrors of the polar ſkies:
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd,
The ſplendid City o'er the wave appear'd,
Where heaven's own lore, he truſted, was obey'd,
And Holy Faith her ſacred rites diſplay'd.
And now already crowding thro' the bay
The Sovereign's barges wing'd their ſpeedy way,
To GAMA's fleet with friendly ſmiles they bore
The choiceſt products of their cultur'd ſhore.

But there fell rancour veil'd its ſerpent-head,
Tho' feſtive roſes o'er the gifts were ſpread.
For Bacchus had, in human ſhape, been here,
And pour'd his counſel in the Sovereign's ear.

O piteous lot of Man's uncertain ſtate!
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait;
When joyful hope would graſp its fond deſire,
The long-ſought tranſports in the graſp expire.
By ſea what treacherous calms, what ruſhing ſtorms,
And death attendant in a thouſand forms!
By land what ſtrife, what plots of ſecret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous ſmile?
O where ſhall Man eſcape his numerous foes,
And reſt his weary head in ſafe repoſe! *

* Nine books more, ſome of them longer than the firſt, complete the Luſiad, which in the Portugueſe Editions is not unjuſtly entitled, Os LUSIADAS DO GRANDE LUIS DE CAMOENS, PRINCIPE DOS POETAS DE HESPANHA; *The Luſiads of the great Lewis de Camoens, the Prince of the Spaniſh Poets.*

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